

# THE ARTGUM



HEFFERNAN  
1·9·2·3



## *They're Hanging of the Cubists in the Morning*

"What are the Cubists painting for?" said Critics-on-Parade.

"Can't make it out, can't make it out," the Art Reporter said.

"What makes you look so white, so white?" said Critics-on-Parade.

"I'm dreading what I've got to watch," the Art Reporter said:

For they're hanging of the Cubists, you can see the colors gay,  
Green pyramids and yellow squares, they're hanging them today,  
'Twould make you burst your buttons off, the things the people say.  
And they're hanging of the Cubists in the morning.

"What makes the rear rank breathe so hard," said Critics-on-Parade.

"He thinks they're sold! He thinks they're sold," the Art Reporter said.

"What made that front-rank man fall down?" said Critics-on-Parade.

"That purple sun, that purple sun," the Art Reporter said.

They are hanging of the Cubists, and the crowds are marching round,  
They've halted by what seems to be a Brainstorm done in brown;  
And they'll swear in half a minute that they've hung it upside down.  
Oh, they're hanging of the Cubists in the morning!

"What's that so black against the sun?" said Critics-on-Parade.

"They say it is a flight of stairs," the Art Reporter said.

"What's all that wreckage overhead?" said Critics-on-Parade,

"A 'cubic' nude is passing down," the Art Reporter said.

For they've finished with the Cubists, you can feel your hair's turned gray,  
The visitors are in column, and they're marching them away,  
Ho! the nervous ones are shaking, and they'll want their beer today,  
After viewing of the Cubists in the morning!

Edwin W. Goodwin.





*“The Antiquiries”*

By M. Fortuny

Courtesy of Boston Museum of Fine Arts



# SENIOR ARTGUM

---

*Let a contrite heart, an humble thought, be your excepted sacrifice*

---

## JOURNEY'S END

As the time actually arrives when our school year draws near its close one naturally hears on every side people telling how much they are looking forward to the end of the school year and what they intend to do during the summer. It's either camp or hotel, swimming or fishing, eating or washing and sketching or thinking of sketching, dancing or riding, loving or being loved. So much for the insignificant, undignified underclassmen who think considerably of snoopapathic stories and good times. But now and again we hear—those of us so privileged as to be able to even talk to Seniors—from that most dignified class of 1924 that they are thinking along quite different lines. As you scan the pages of this, the last number of our paper with all its foolishness, its happy-hearted, lightheadedness, written by those very same Seniors, you may be inclined to feel I am wrong. It is not so; they have never longed for another year of school life any more than these last two months. These jokes they crack, these histories of past years, these prophecies, are all mere covering for their real feeling. It is recalling to their minds these memories of the past that help them to face the cold hard-hearted practical outside world of gold—and perhaps fame. For theirs is the job of ministering to that world of gold a love for the beautiful, an effort to put across the great ideal which they have discovered during their four years here.

Therefore, embodied in this spirit of joy and brainlessness, we find that things are not as they seem. It is a pleasant thought for them to have this, their Senior Artgum, to read perhaps ten, twenty, or fifty years from now and make them feel once again a revival of that present day lightheartedness and idealism.

They have a few remaining times, however, which they feel shall cap all the past memories and be their red letter days of fun, frolic and seriousness. To you underclassmen they may not be so important but at least it would be well for you to know about those coming events and to help to give our happyhearted friends a corking good send-off.

On the evenings of June 4 and 6 the much talked of pageant, in which everyone shall participate, will be given at the Copley Theatre. It shall commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of our school. To the Seniors it shall be a most fitting send-off and to us who remain a glorious inspiration. Mr. Porter has written the pageant and the various duties have been assigned to other members of the faculty. Stage director, Mr. E. L. Major; costumes and properties, Mr. George; color, music, craftsmanship, Mr. Hamilton, assistant, faculty and students; general manager, Mr. Farnum. On June 11, in the evening, the members of the graduating class will be entertained at home by the principal and on June 12 commence-

ment. Exhibition days will be on Thursday, Friday and Saturday of the same week.

Previous to these events, however, come Alumni Days. On Thursday afternoon and evening, June 5, at Jordan Hall, Thomas Wilfred will present his invention, the Clavilux, the first instrument to make possible the

use of light as a fine art. Special prices are offered to the alumni and students.

A private view of the alumni exhibit at Grace Horn's gallery will be given on Friday, June 6, and on June 7 class luncheons in the afternoon, and alumni banquet in the evening.

---

## FOREWORD

Seniors: Our pleasant school days are at an end. We passed from the Freshman class to that of Senior with four years of happy surroundings, congenial work and wonderful friendships. The true value of this friendship is inestimable. And now our story draws toward an end—to be another book on the shelf of school history. The many pleasant hours recorded on its pages are now memories. Our own memories rich and too soon distant—memories never to be duplicated or repeated, which alone endear to us the Normal Art and its work in the state of Massachusetts.

Hal Lindergreen.

---

## CLASS HISTORY

In 1920 and 1921

Comrades! You of us who have not, in the struggle of becoming artists, lost your minds, will you ever, ever forget that day in September? How could you—you couldn't!

Yes, I entered that front door with fear and dread, shaking from head to toe. Instantly, I was encountered by a tall, uninteresting be-smocked *man*, who asked me if I was a Freshman! I managed to stutter out an answer, and was directed to the regions of the third floor. Upon looking around for the elevator, I decided it was best to take the stairs. When I reached the third floor, I found out that I "hadn't heard anything yet," for there, gathered around the doorway to

a large room, commonly known as the hall, were assembled many more of *me*.

In due time we were all assigned different rooms in which to take our examinations. There we were confronted with a teacher (which I learned later was an *instructor*, and not a teacher!), and were given three things to do. A working drawing of a box!! A working drawing—now I ask you, dear friends, do you ever recall anything in your careers any more invigorating than doing something you *couldn't* do!

Mr. Cross's class! Do you recall how we sat in one huge circle and gazed at that pile of "junk" in the middle, and wondered why we hadn't taken up plumb-



ing instead? However, Mr. Cross encouraged our brave attempt by showing us nice, neat water-color sketches of "how we would do it by December." Oh, yes, that was all that kept us in the Normal Art School.

Mechanical drawing! I just couldn't see any sense in it, but it maybe because I lost all the sense I ever had trying to see something in it. That's neither here nor there. I spent a perfectly miserable year in Mr. Ray's class, until I learned to be on time, to keep up with the problems and not to even breathe—(it takes time). I might also say that there we were all initiated into that necessary evil of every real artist—temperament!! Undoubtedly, many of the girls can show bumps on their heads received from my unruly T-square, in a fit of temperament, and many of us were obliged to wade through tears of anguish in that year.

Smock Day came at last and we were instructed by our Sophomores what to wear and how. We all did! Many of our classmen's secrets were unclothed, to their infinite embarrassment and our amusement. After going through many trying performances, the girls were sent to one room and the boys to another. In two hours we emerged very weak and dampened! No one knows what we went through, but all we cared was that it was "all over" and we were at last Freshies!

In November, the Seniors gave us a lovely party. We were presented to the Faculty, with which we were already acquainted. However, we had the pleasure of shaking hands with Mr. Ray, instead of his "shaking admonitions" at us.

Our first Christmas Spread was indeed a success! The lunchroom never before was so appealing.

In February, we decided upon our various courses. Mr. Hopkins told us just why we shouldn't take this course, and just why we shouldn't take that course. We all decided that we weren't fit for any course, so we chose the most appealing one.

Life in our Freshman year was just one "come down" after another. Those of us who thought we could draw, soon found out we couldn't when Mr. Major got his hands and words on us. Here we learned that we were to be acrobats, as well as artists—that we must "stand on our heads and look at it"; that girls were no longer girls, but were "sweet young things"; that Shakespeare was a good friend of Mr. Major's, and that we needed "fresh eyes". Heaven knows there wasn't much more to live for.

Undoubtedly, our whole year was showered with that uplifting element of expectancy. When there was nothing else to live for, we consoled ourselves by looking forward to "what will happen next."

We soon elected class officers. President, Dick Ellinger, Vice-President, Rose Ferry, Secretary, Cornelia Hoff, and Treasurer, Hal Lindergreen.

We all parted in good spirits, in June, and good friends. We looked forward to a happier year the next term, when we could adorn brown smocks, and put our green ones away forever.

We were very sorry to lose Mr. Cross from our midst; he had made such progress with us and his patience was unexcelled. Mr. Cross went from us to the Art Museum School.

One of the best cures for "swell headness" is just one year at M. N. A. S.  
Marcia Hosford.

---

### In 1921 and 1922

A class of students returned to school in September, 1921, feeling the great dignity which was theirs now that they had become Sophomores.

On October 6, a class meeting was held and the following officers were appointed to serve for the ensuing year; President Doris Dennen; Vice-Presi-

dent, Warren Buckley; Secretary, Arthur Liddell; Treasurer, Richard Ellinger.

The first great event of the year was Smock Day, which was held on October 21. The rules and regulations for Smock Day, which had been drawn up and approved by the faculty, were carried out to the letter. Of course, we wished to do all in our power to give the Freshmen a good time! At least we wished to do as well by them as the upper class had done for us on our memorable Smock Day. The rules were the following:—

- “1. All Freshmen must attend school on Smock Day.”
  - “2. Freshmen must wear a sign suspended by a string around the neck with their name printed upon it which can be read at a distance of ten feet—to be worn from 12.00—12.35 and from 2.00 o’clock until after initiation.”
  - “3. Freshmen must eat their lunch standing up in the lunch-room on Thursday and Friday, October 20 and 21.”
  - “4. Freshmen must not speak to upper classmen on Thursday, October 20, unless spoken to.”
  - “5. No make-up or cosmetics of any kind may be used on Thursday and Friday, October 20 and 21.”
  - “6. Freshmen must bring a stick of candy to their respective and respected Sophomore on Smock Day.”
  - “7. All Freshmen must dress as children of seven or eight years on Smock Day from 2.00 o’clock until after initiation and in a garb conforming to the wishes of their assigned Sophomore.”
- “These rules to be posted one week before Smock Day.”

At a meeting of the Rules Committee on Thursday, October 13, the following drawing was requested of each Freshman.

Make a life-size drawing of a Whawha reduced to the scale of 6 kopecks to one esquitatus.

This drawing to be rendered in six colors of any medium.

Colors to be used:

Elephant’s breath

Misty purplish green

Chrome black

Onion white (odoriferous)

Coward yellow (comes in streaks)

These colors are to be obtained by juxtaposition.

If uncertain where to obtain these colors apply on the second floor.

These masterpieces must be truthfully signed and handed to Mrs. Whittet before 3 o’clock Wednesday.

Failure to comply with these or any other rules will mean blacklist and  
? ? ? ? ? ? ?

Signed

THE SOPHOMORE CLASS.

November 9, a committee was appointed to investigate the matter of class rings and pins. A new design was drawn up by Pauline Goodrich. The class approved of the new design and the result brought each of us a better style ring and pin than the previous classes had. It was later voted that that design should be allowed to be used as the standard school design.

One of our happiest experiences of the year was in giving a reception to welcome into our school the new Director, Mr. Royal B. Farnum. This occasion took place in the school hall November 18, from 3.30 to 6.00. At that time, however, we did not realize what a great pleasure this was really to mean for us. Since then we have found out that he surely is one of us and is willing to help us at any time.

The Christmas Spread was our next great event. This took place in Mr. Brewster’s room. A large plum pudding contained a gift for each guest present. Following the banquet an entertainment took place in the hall.

On April 28 the Sophomore Dance was held.

We all left in June in happy expectancy of the coming September, when we would be Juniors!

Alice Olliff.



### In 1922 and 1923

In September, 1923, the class which was then called Juniors set sail in various kinds of craft for a much talked of but as yet unknown port called Seniordom. The fine arts department started on a raft; they called it a pallet, I believe, while the teachers' course set sail in a motor boat. They had to go speedily in order to get their degrees. The design class started out in a box of Windsor Newtons, with oars of sable brushes; they called it a row boat. The costume design class preferred the Wymkum, Blymkum and Nodd idea and chose a huge thimble in which to travel.

As captain and officers we chose:

Walter Bennett.....	President
Harold Lindergreen...	Vice-President
Lionel Bush.....	Treasurer
Cornelia Hoff.....	Secretary

What joy we had sailing along together! Whether the winds have been fair or foul, we still have enjoyed the fellowship of our classmates.

We had two terrible storms during the year, in fact, two of the worst storms the school has ever known. It was the passing away of our esteemed instructors, Mr. DeCamp and Mr. Bartlett. It was hard indeed to weather two such dreadful storms in a single trip, but our spirits were buoyed up by the fine spirit shown by the faculty.

We sailed down new and strange places, namely, anatomy, life and composition. At Christmas time we all came to port and enjoyed a "spread" together. We gave a famous entertainment known as the "Follies of 1924." Again in the spring we landed and enjoyed our Junior Prom.

### In 1923 and 1924

On our Senior trip we were fortunate in having two new instructors, Mr. Sharman and Mr. Cowell. We chose as class officers:

Walter Bennett.....	President
Marcia Hosford.....	Vice-President
Warren Buckley.....	Treasurer
Cornelia Hoff.....	Secretary

We came into port several times for merry-making, having our Christmas "spread," Senior and Freshman Recep-

tion and Class Dance. We were glad to have two of our members, Cecelia Hawley and Harold Lindergreen, chosen for the Student Government Association. We picked up one person, Mrs. Simmons, but she decided to leave us and shortly afterwards she went away running her own boat. Evelyn Svedeman honored our class by winning first prize for a poster for the music contest.

### HAVE YOU EVER HEARD

"Let's have candles and drapery."—Hal Lindergreen.

"Mine's all done."—Evelyn Svedeman.

"Oh, he was wonderful!"

"I'm going to have my hair cut."—Polly Goodrich.

"Well, I won't do it, that's all."—Helen Smith. (But she did.)

"Is it half-past three yet?"—Rose Ferry.

"Come on down to lunch."—Dorothy Slader.

"Don't look at this I'm going to do it over anyway."—Marcia Hosford.

"Has Frances been in today?"—Dena London.

"I'm going down to get a hat."—Frances Tatro.

As is the way with every class  
We must decide between the man and the  
lass.

Who is the most popular, talented and  
oddest?

My free verse fails me, so I'm the most  
modest!



## Editorial Staff

*Editor-in-Chief*

FRED A. RUSSELL, 1926

*Associate Editor*

ROSALIND WINSLOW, 1925

*Art Editor*

JOSEPH F. HEFFERNAN, 1925

*Publicity*

ELMER E. HALL, 1926

*Literary Editor*

ANN D. IDE, 1925

*Business Manager*

KRIS MAGNUSSON, 1925

*Advertising*

GORDON N. SHAPIRO, 1926

### CLASS EDITORS

*Senior*

MARCIA HOSFORD

*Junior*

EMMA OSGOOD

*Sophomore*

MARION CLARK

*Freshman*

MORRIS GREYSER

---

Vol. II

Boston, Massachusetts, June, 1924

No. 8

---

The Artgum—To the Friend who never tells me about my faults or  
never wants to borrow money.—F. R.

---

## CLASS WILL

We, the undersigned, of the Class of 1924, in a sound state of mind, or nearly, bequeath the following:

To Mrs. Whittett: The Junior Design Class, to furnish with ornament books and new ideas, pins, needles, thread and other small wares.

To Mr. George: A more sympathetic class of Seniors and a barrel of sketches.

To Mr. Hamilton: Oceans of drapery and colored lights.

To Mr. Major: All our old junk, smocks and "Damned Spots."

To the Life Classes: Fresh air and the Junior Class, Design Class occasionally.

To Mr. Farnum: Our ardent hopes for a new school.

To the Freshmen: Faith, courage and our black smocks, with which to frighten the incoming Freshman class on Smock Day next.

To the Sophomores: Our Life Class places. Joy be with you!

To the Juniors: A senior's position. Our left-over problems, to haunt you, and our heartfelt cry and appeal, "Do your Thesis early!!"

To the boys: More days than two to dance with the girls.

To the girls: More boys to dance with.

To the lunchroom: A fresh supply of hot dogs.

To Mr. Wallace: A class on time.

This last will and testament of the Senior Class, drawn up and signed on this day, April 25th, in the year of our Lord, nineteen hundred and twenty-four,

Signed by

U. Know Who,

U. Oto Know.

M. H.

## DESIGN CLASS PROPHECY

On board the U. S. S. Artistic, 1934.

Bound for China.

June 31—Good weather today. Looked over the passenger list and came across a familiar name—Harold Lindergreen. Can it be Hal, I wonder!

July 1—It was Hal. Looked him up today. He is the same old Hal—hasn't changed a bit. On his way over to China to buy some new candles for a setting for the biggest pageant ever produced. He has been very successful but hasn't married yet. I was so surprised to see him; he didn't recognize me with my blue hair but when I said "Good morning, Hal," he recognized me immediately and shouted, "Marcia."

Hal had a number of small sketches done by some of his workers. This pageant is to be a big success.

July 4—Had a cable from my husband today, saying he had finished the murals for the capitol and would join me in another month.

July 6—While walking down the deck today with Hal, discussing the new Chinese candle situation, a little blonde child bumped into us. Very attractive child. Asked her her name and found out it was "Magnesia." Very original, to say the least. Interesting child, must look her family up.

July 7—Of all things! Discovered today that "Magnesia's" last name is Bradshaw. Very familiar but can't place it now.

July 8—Came across Mrs. Bradshaw, and who was it but Rose Ferry. She was going in search of something amusing,—life is so boring—and then Mr. Bradshaw is intending to build some bridges for the poor, crippled Chinese.

July 9—Rose told us a lot of news. Had been in New York recently and came across "Smithy." She has found

her publishers at last. After looking ten years she is now firmly settled doing fantastic angels for manikins for milliners' windows.

July 10—Cables arrived today from the English Derby. "Cuddles" came in five lengths ahead. His trainer, Pauline Goodrich, has entered several thoroughbreds, but "Cuddles" has always been considered the best. Hal said that he had met Polly the previous summer. She was then designing artistic, upholstered horse stalls.

July 11—I came across an old Boston paper today and upon looking it over I discovered an article by Evelyn Svedeman—our "Sveddy"! She has done great things with the N. Y., N. H. and Hartford line through Savin Hill. She has arranged it so that the morning train has only interesting men for passengers.

July 12—I sent a cable to Dotty today. Dear Dotty is leading a life of luxury and embroidery. Needless to say she has cast manuscripts and cretonnes away forever. Speaking of Dotty reminds me of Dena and Frances. I was somewhat surprised today to hear that Frances is touring the country giving lectures to young wives on "the quickest way to spend money." Dena is assisting her (to spend the money). In their spare moments they make water-color sketches for interiors.

July 13—Miserable day today. Everyone seems to be in their rooms. Passed Hal's room and heard him talking "Chinese-Swedish"; also saw the glimmer of a candle through the window. Nothing exciting happening today, so perhaps I shall dash off a few sketches for my new murals for the "American-Chinese Art Club."

Mah Jong-Pung Chow!



## TOWN TOPICS

APRIL 1, 1940

New York City. "The Advertising Manager must be pleased!" says Miss Thelma Hyland, the noted illustrator, in her talk, "Art for Art's Sake," given to a select group of embryo artists from Tuff's College. "That is the first secret of success," she continues, "In Boston they are still calling for the old straight line stuff, but here in New York they have returned to the curves that John La Gatta and I do so well. And there's the thing in a nutshell."

Greenwich Village. "The" sensation of the Paris salon was a painting by Miss Helen Blackmer of Washington Square. It portrayed two girls in a costumers' shop. One, in a bushy blonde wig, is laughing at her reflection in a long mirror; the other, who bears a striking resemblance to Miss Blackmer herself, is conversing with the wig-maker. The title is "The Subterfuge"—very subtle!

Austin, Texas. Mrs. Moore (nee Virginia Thomas) kept us waiting a bit for an interview—her horse cast a shoe she explained. "How does it seem to be

back amongst the cactus and the jack-rabbits?" said we. "You make me laff," said she. We tried again,—"Is it necessary for a woman to choose between a career and matrimony?" And she answered, "I'll bite, is it?"

Lowell papers please copy.

Boston, Mass. Mlle. Helene de Rian was observed lunching at the Benzington. She ate heartily from a box of cheese tid-bits (a habit acquired in her school days, she explains). Mlle. Rian is considering her annual trip to Paris, where she obtains the ideas for her extremely novel creations, to be seen in her shop on Boylston Street, and the new one soon to be opened on the Avenue.

Los Angeles, Cal. The city of the angels is offering a Presidential Candidate who is not a native daughter! Miss Madeline Sanderson holds that honor. Her platform is Better Lights for Stage Settings. Not much is known of the lady's home life beyond the fact that she is an enthusiastic member of the Lucy Stone League and vigorously shields her husband and children from the newspaper photographers. I. L. S.



New Designs for Student's Medal of Honor

# CARTOONS



RAY EWING- DOING HIS STUFF



FRIENDLY ARGUMENT



FUDGE



TUESDAY AND FRIDAY



JOE TEAFFE ON HIS WAY TO SCHOOL



MY TURN

BUGHOUSE FABLES -  
GRAND RUSH TO ANSWER THE PHONE



SILHOUETTES



SLIGHT ACCIDENT.



REST PERIOD



ALDO C. DELLA CHIESA.



LISTENING TO ONE OF MR SHARMAN'S STORIES



## Those Boys and Girls of 1924

## FINE ARTS PROPHECY

How well I remember my school days—

Those hours of work and of fun.  
We were all to be famous artists;  
Each had his place in the sun.  
Dear class of Nineteen Twenty-Four,  
The Senior Painting Bunch,  
Who “dug like sixty” all the day  
But were seldom late for lunch.

Those days have gone forever,  
Full twenty years have passed,  
And youth is swiftly fleeting,  
Old age advancing fast.  
Not all are famous artists  
But each has gained success—  
In art, in education,  
And one in business.

Yes, Benny opened a “hock” shop;  
He’s Uncle to all his friends.  
And to his needy customers  
His hard earned coin he lends.  
So if your kind of hard of cash  
Just go to “Uncle Ben”  
And give him anything you’ve got;  
He’ll loan you five or ten.

Aldo is an artist of note—  
Writer of wise cracks, too.  
He contracts for a pile of work,  
Lots more than he can do.  
So he draws the outlines neatly  
With ever ready pen,  
And hires a gang of students  
To do the filling in.

Taeffe became a great inventor.  
Lots of wild ideas and schemes,  
He has turned into a fortune  
Fulfilling many of his dreams.  
From reports his latest patent  
Will be a boon to many lands,  
For it paints a perfect portrait  
Without the aid of human hands.

At painting beautiful women  
Our old friend Walter is fine.  
His weakest point has proved his  
strength—  
A fair face to him was wine.

Unspoiled in spite of widespread fame,  
A home-loving, peaceable man,  
Who spends with his wife and children  
Each hour that he possibly can.

Betty’s story is one of work,  
For he was never known to shirk,  
But on the eve of great success  
He was overcome by dizziness.  
“Too many cough drops,” the doctor said,  
And straightway ordered five years in  
bed;  
Which news caused Charles a bad re-  
lapse  
So he’ll get two more years perhaps.

Arthur Liddell does the posters  
For the Music Box Revue.  
And in the show he has an act,  
Introducing something new.  
All the girlies in the chorus  
Say that Arthur’s quite a sheik,  
But he has never married  
For his heart is very weak.

Clara Root does illustrations  
For children’s magazines.  
She fascinates the kiddies  
With fairy kings and queens.  
I hear she just got a divorce—  
The third in seven years.  
You can’t mix Art and Marriage.  
Women must have careers.

Warren Buckley lives in Paris  
And he wears a velvet smock.  
His sketches are most clever;  
They cause a lot of talk.  
His parties are a riot  
And a bid is quite a prize,  
For his studio’s a garret  
Of a commodious size.

Deep in the heart of the woods of Maine  
Dwells a hermit, Loyal Faunce by  
name.  
He scorns to look on a woman’s face;  
In his life a female has no place.  
He lives in a cavern and carves in stone  
Satirical studies of girls he has known.  
His hair is long and his face is thin,  
And he drowns his sorrows in oceans  
of gin.

While traveling in Denmark  
 One often gets a whiff.  
 If you think there's something rotten  
 Just take another sniff.  
 Ray Ewing designs the cheeses.  
 His name is a household word.  
 Such unusual shapes and sizes  
 Of cheeses had never been heard.

The most famous of modern painters  
 Is little Miss Arico.  
 For in the Louvre in Paris  
 Her pictures hang in a row.  
 In Italy, the land of her birth,  
 Is her palatial home,  
 And suitors come to win her hand  
 From Venice, Naples and Rome.

Adin Davis lives in Turkey  
 With a harem all his own  
 Of the most beauteous maidens  
 That the world has ever known.  
 To those that knew him in his youth  
 This may be quite a shock,  
 When one recalls that in Normal Art  
 At girls he used to mock.

Domestic Doris Dennen  
 Delves diligently day by day  
 To do her daily dozen  
 And keeps corpulence away.  
 She is still a staid, sweet spinster,  
 Sober, silent and sedate,  
 Standing steadfast by her slogan  
 That "love never comes too late."

In the lazy sun-warmed tropics,  
 Where the alligators dwell,  
 Is the studio of Gleason,  
 And he's doing very well.  
 Fred paints the jungle splendor  
 In a manner quite unique;  
 He turns out masterpieces  
 By the dozen every week.

All artists have their troubles,  
 And Bush can tell you that,  
 For in the last ten years or so  
 He has grown very fat.  
 His specialty is animals  
 And all other outdoor things.  
 He illustrates the stories  
 In popular magazines.

By earnest application  
 Dick Ellinger made his way  
 To a splendid situation  
 And a large amount of pay.  
 He sent a check a while ago  
 To dear old Normal Art;  
 And they took the fifty thousand  
 To buy Mr. Cain a cart.

Hixie's one ambition was  
 To draw fine fashion plates,  
 So that's just what she's doing  
 At very special rates.  
 Now you may guess I'm not a poet,  
 But if I've not the brains to show it  
 Just don't let on that you all know it,  
 And live in hope that I'll outgrow it.  
Hixie.

The demand for Armour's landscapes  
 Is more than he can fill,  
 So he daubs the Rockport scenery  
 With vim and vigor still.  
 Sam's mansion on the North Shore  
 Is quite the grandest one for miles.  
 Tho' it's architecture may look queer  
 It cost just piles and piles.

High over the Rocky Mountains  
 Hovers a giant balloon.  
 Above the clouds it is anchored,  
 Not far from the silver moon.  
 For there in absolute silence  
 She can paint till kingdom come—  
 Our peace-loving Mrs. Simmons,  
 Who wished that we all were dumb.

Way out west in Hollywood,  
 Where great movies have their birth,  
 Lives one whose fame is echoed  
 In far corners of the earth—  
 Gertrude Mitchell, Art Director,  
 Goldwyn Picture Corporation.  
 If you wish to send a letter,  
 This address will surely get her.



## Just from Marcia

The Senior Class, you all do know,  
Isn't what you'd call exactly slow;  
And for that reason, as you shall see,  
We leave our fatal memories.

Now there is Bush, who may be small,  
But if you hope to win him, "hire a  
hall";  
And of all the girls who have made that  
attempt  
"Hicksey" earns the "Georgette cent."

Doris may talk from morn till night  
But that's what keeps the Life Class  
bright;

And Aldo, who may sing like Caruso,  
Makes us wish he just wouldn't do so.

Of the Sheiks, we have one too many,  
Perhaps it's Faunce, "yes, we haven't  
any!"

We also play—checkers is the game,  
Buckley & Davis are the champs by  
name.

There is one who rules the models, for  
better or for worse;  
Be careful, Walter Bennett, or you'll go  
off in a hearse!

Oh, there is Hal. With his sticky paper  
and pins  
He can mend everything, from your  
troubles to your sins.

Then, from Rose, at half-past three,  
We hear that song, "Is Gret waiting for  
me?"

There is our Dotty on the verge of mat-  
rimony,  
While some of us are already considering  
alimony.

Now, here are a few memories of our  
class

Some are bad and some—alas!  
I fear I'll never a poet be  
Ask me why—because it's me!

M. H.

## GRACE BLISS

Grace once said, with a determined air,  
"I'll perhaps teach two years—no more,  
so there!"  
A fair maid like Grace unnoticed won't  
be,  
So I'll bet she'll get married, you just  
wait and see.

## LYMAN BOWKER

He likes pretty ladies, both young and  
old,  
And takes them to ride now and then, I  
am told,  
For he found that teaching was rather a  
bore,  
And to sell racing cars did thrill him far  
more.

## MARY CROWLEY

Your manner is faultless, your poise is  
rare,  
From your ne'er-erring feet to your al-  
ways neat hair.  
Methinks I see you in your vocation,  
A worthy exponent of the cause—Edu-  
cation.

## LILLIAN SUNDEN

Our Lillian Sunden so wee and petite,  
From bobbed golden hair to small slip-  
pered feet,  
Will be teaching in high school quite  
soon I surmise  
And bossing the boys there three times  
her own size.

## GRETA CLARK

A landscape gardener of no mean fame,  
For teaching to Greta had grown very  
tame.  
She makes jewelry, dresses, and hats so  
fine,  
And sells them all in varied side-line.

## JEAN BAIRD

Representative of Cook's Tours she ap-  
pears,  
As personal conductor she's acted for  
years.  
When to Egypt or Greece she takes you  
around,  
She tells you stories that hold you spell-  
bound.

MOLLY MARBERBLAAT

In years gone by Lynn's citizens were  
clever,  
But Molly bids fair to be the best ever.  
She'll rebuild the streets and buildings  
remodel  
From designs she has studied ever since  
she could toddle.

ANNAH APPLETON

Annah's devotion is very well known,  
For Marion's health she loves **more**  
than her own.  
She'll set up a clothing and millinery  
store,  
Less than ten feet from Marion's front  
door.

LOUISE BRAY

A high-minded maid is our classmate  
Louise,  
A job in the city she'll have, if you  
please.  
She won't have to work hard, the palm-  
ists all say,  
For she's destined to marry a rich man  
some day.

DORA HAYWARD

Dora's complexion of cream and of  
peaches  
Will advertised be in the parks and the  
beaches.  
The use of her photo by Pond's Com-  
pany  
Will net her fat royalties fair to see.

RUTH KINGMAN

A trip 'round the world in your own  
private yacht,  
To visit far lands is your fortunate lot,  
To China, Egypt, France, and Japan,  
And on the way home, you'll capture a  
man.

LUTIE SEARS

Bobbed hair's such a comfort, I'm sure  
you'll agree  
That, as it has caused such improvement  
in me,  
All others should try it and see how they  
look,  
After reading up styles in my "Hair-  
dressing Book".

MARY SWANSON

Now, making fine candy is really an art,  
And in this line our Mary is smart.  
On Tremont Street she will soon start a  
shop  
With plate glass windows and sign on  
top.

HELEN VARNUM

Oi Helen's skill there's no mistake,  
And when her classes in hand she takes,  
In one hour of teaching she teaches them  
more  
Than other teachers could teach in a  
score.

CECILIA GOETZ

Cecilia, whose long-fringed, limpid dark  
eyes  
See more (from her quietness) than  
you'd ever surmise,  
Will soon be a teacher of drawing and  
art,  
But at last will succumb to an affair of  
the heart.

IVY RUNDQUIST

Pen and ink sketches have brought her  
fame,  
And well-known critics breathe her  
name,  
For Ivy at last has realized her ambi-  
tion—  
To be an illustrator—she was born for  
that mission.

ELEANOR BARDWELL

Dark-eyed Eleanor, with her pretty  
clothes,  
Is a sight for tired eyes as every one  
knows.  
The other instructors wherever she  
teaches  
Will turn cross-eyed with envy as they  
gaze on her features.

HELEN DONAHUE

To be thin, to be thin, Oh would I were  
able  
To crawl through the legs of a gate-  
legged table!  
A day will soon come, dear, that's not  
far away,  
When a look at the scales won't cause  
you dismay.



LOUISE SPIER

"Mistress of herself though China fall",  
In an emergency lost?—not at all,  
In all of her schools excellent discipline  
will keep,  
And of noise from her pupils you'll hear  
never a peep.

FRANCES TUBRIDY

With a roguish smile and a laugh always  
ready,  
Jane has a fund of jokes that is steady.  
The children who get her for their  
teacher  
Will never be tempted to call her a  
"preacher".

HELEN GARAND

Helen so slender with goldy-red hair,  
In interpretative dancing will make us  
all stare.  
The critics won't censor her art inter-  
national,  
For Helen's ideas on the subject are ra-  
tional.

AGATHA KELTIE

A light in her eye, a quick active tongue,  
They'll have to step lively, the folks she's  
among.  
On color, on painting, on Greek architec-  
ture,  
And other such topics she's going to lec-  
ture.

VIOLA MARSH

When you've a will, there's a way, you  
know,  
And Viola's got plenty to make it a go.  
With vigorous shakes and a general up-  
heaval,  
She'll make things of nowadays look  
quite primeval.

---

HOW CAN WE FORGET

"Monday morning lectures with Mr.  
George"  
"The Beaux Arts"  
"Out Damned Spot"  
"The Life Class"  
"Hal"  
"Cecelia"

ODESSA LONG

A trip to Alaska will be for Odessa.  
To the head of a school there she'll be  
the successor.  
Her knowledge of art and the way she  
can paint  
Will make the townspeople in ecstasy  
faint.

MARION DUNHAM

Capable Marion when she bustles around,  
Is always busy, covers much ground,  
Will display new ideas on fashion and  
art.  
Her creations will make us all stop with  
a start.

CECELIA HAWLEY

A fine teacher is Celia, but her mischief  
you see,  
Annoyed the principal, and one day said  
he,  
(Just two weeks after the day she was  
hired),  
"If you're not on your dignity, you'll find  
yourself fired."

BERTHA WILDE

Bertha to African wilds will soon go,  
To teach to the natives the art they  
should know.  
She'll sit on the bank of a stream while  
they're fishin'  
And tell of the wonders of Corot and  
Titian.

ALICE OLLIFF

Alice's strength and her strong iron  
muscles  
Will make her the winner in all of her  
tussles.  
In her schools and her class-rooms will  
efficiency reign.  
Her ideas are the best and the newest,  
they claim. Cornelia J. Hoff, '24.

---

SOME HONORARY DEGREES

D. O. D. C.—"Daddy of Design Class"—  
Harold Lindergreen.  
W. D. O.—"? ? ?"—Helen Smith.  
P. B.—"Prospective Bride"—Dorothy  
Slader.  
S. B.—"Slips and Breaks"—Marcia Hos-  
ford.

**BLUE**

(Apologies to Gertrude Stein)

Why are you  
'Tis the complement.  
'Tis not the complement, 'tis not,  
I think.  
I think 'tis,  
It are the comp.  
This is the comp, the composition  
You need compose,  
We need compose.  
It we need.  
Monday—no not Monday  
The week. What week?  
WE are. We are human, we are weak.  
Man? The generic,  
The generic,  
Yes, yes, not no.  
But yes, the man in general  
Is the general man, a man  
If he, if he can.  
HE can  
Can he. Is he, he is.  
Morbid—blue  
Blue that's you.

**SUBWAY BLUES**

An inspiration reached me  
While in the Park Street rush.  
The things I think you ought to see,  
So read these lines of gush.

At half-past eight, if you are there,  
You watch them come up from below;  
They all seem to have lots of cares  
Perhaps they come from "Newspaper  
row."

At twenty of nine under the clock  
How can you mistake that crowd,  
With turned down hat and wrinkled sock  
And their sweet young voices, all so  
loud?

No need to say "I wonder who,"  
That blasé air you plainly see.  
The car, 'tis Commonwealth Avenue,  
They madly dash—off to B. C.

At the newspaper stand  
Plenty of style you will see.  
They come from Posse  
But this rhyme—holly gee.

After waiting for hours  
That Longwood car comes along.  
Just see all the flowers,  
Oh what a throng!

We get pushed and shoved, bruised and  
kicked,  
Banged into the door and thrown into a  
seat,  
I am sure somebody will surely get licked  
If any dark night one I should meet.

My drawing all wrapped in paper with  
care  
Is bent on the corners and creased on the  
side.  
I'm sure I'll kill someone or pull out  
their hair.  
She sat on it! Oh I wish I could die!

At last we reach Clarendon Street.  
That John Hancock crowd pours forth  
like the sea,  
Wrapped up in their furs—a dollar a  
week!  
I gaze at my wrecked drawing—alas for  
me!

I see a bright hat away up front,  
A T-square out in the aisle;  
For inspiration we need not hunt;  
It's Normal Art—yqu can tell a mile.

Exeter Street! I breathe a comfortable  
sigh.  
We all calmly walk to the door,  
One' two, three, four scarfs all out of  
the dye—  
A riot of color, Normal Art, of course it  
means more!

After four years of subway crush  
I hastily compose these lines of trash.  
If only the years would not go in a rush  
I'm sure my blues would not be so rash.

M. H.



	<i>Girl</i>	<i>Boy</i>
The most popular	Cecelia Hawley	Dick Ellinger
The best looking	Eleanor Bardwell	Warren Buckley
The most talented	Helen Smith	Walter Bennett
Hardest to please	Dorothy Slader	Lionel Bush
The most studious	Jean Baird	Aldo Charles Della Cheisa
The noisiest	Marcia Hosford	Lionel Bush
The most modest	Cornelia Hoff	Arthur Liddell
The shortest	Lillian Sunden	Lionel Bush
The best dancer	Grace Bliss	Walter Bennett
The merriest	Clara Root	Sam Armour
The best sport	Doris Dennen	Loyal Faunce
The sweetest	Frances Tatro	? ? ?
The best boss	Marcia Hosford	Hal Lindergreen
The most ambitious	Helen Hicks (?)	Charles Betts (?)
The best dresser	Frances Tatro	Warren Buckley
The class baby	Louise Bray	Lionel Bush
The earliest	Dorothy Slader	Arthur Liddell
The latest	Rose Ferry	Fred Gleason
The best bluffer	Viola Marsh	Sam Armour
The funniest	Helen Donahue	Arthur Liddell
The greatest help	Cecelia Hawley	Charles Betts
The most interesting	All of us	To ourselves!!

### FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS

"Let the world go; a fig for care, a fig for woe."—Charles Betts.

"Sober, steadfast and demure."—Clara Root.

"They strike mine eyes but not mine heart."—Adin Davis.

"Many are called"—to the Office.

"There's worse things than fire if your insurance is all right."—B. Olanoff.

"O, that this too, too solid flesh would melt!"—Sam Armour.

"Grow great by our example."—Class of 1924.

"He hath a stern look but a gentle heart."—Mr. Wilder.

"He is noiseless at his work."—Lionel O. Bush.

"Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low; an excellent thing in woman."—Irma Selloy.

"Frailty, thy name is woman."—Evelyn Svedeman.

"There's nothing like nickyteen, me boys."—Ray Ewing.

"Knowledge is the foundation of eloquence."—Mr. Farnum.

"How green you are and fresh in this old world!"—Doris Dennen.

"A map of honor, truth and loyalty."—Fred Gleason.

"He was a very perfect, gentle knight."—H. Lindergreen.

"Let not Ambition mock their useful toil."—Messrs. Sheldon, Smith.

"Everyone has his peculiar habit."—A. C. Della Chiesa.

"Speak freely what you think."—Viola Marsh.

"There's little of the melancholy element in her."—Cecelia Hawley.

"Silence is the better part of speech."—Helen Varnum.

"A maid of grace and complete majesty."—Cornelia Hoff.

"Neither a borrower nor a lender be."—Any Senior.

"Lives of great men all remind us."—Loyal Faunce.

"Forbear to judge for we are sinners all."—Grace Bliss.

"His years but young, but his experience old."—Dick Ellinger.

"Good nature is the rarest gift of all."—Arthur Liddell. Hicksey.

# SPAULDING-MOSS CO.

## *The Artist Shop*

Recognized for years as  
"New England Headquarters"  
for the Artist and Art Student

We offer the most extensive line  
for your selection based on high  
quality and moderate prices.

Artists' Stands

Artists' Sketching Stools

Artists' Air Brushes

Artists' Oil and Water Colors

Artists' Easels

Artists' Smocks

Drawing Boards

Tee Squares

Slide Rules

Drawing Sets

Tracing Paper and Cloth

Colored Pencils

CRAYONS

ERASERS

INKS

ADHESIVES

PAPER

42 Franklin Street, Boston, Mass.

Just off Washington Street

## Sketching Materials

Easels

Stools

Umbrellas

Sketch Boxes

Weber, Verheyden  
and Winsor & Newton  
Colors

**B. L. MAKEPEACE, Inc.**

2 Stores

394 BOYLSTON STREET

387 WASHINGTON STREET

Oils

Varnishes

Fixatives

Crayons

Pencils

Pastels



**WADSWORTH,  
HOWLAND & CO., INC.**

Manufacturers and Importers of  
Artists' and Drawing Supplies  
Drawing and Water Color Papers  
Special Attention to Mail Orders

**WADSWORTH,  
HOWLAND & CO., INC.**

222 Clarendon Street

84 Washington Street

1316 Beacon Street, Brookline

141 Federal Street



**Mill & Bush Co.**  
*Correct Fashions for Women and Misses.*

372-378 Boylston Street, Boston, Massachusetts

# COLD STORAGE

FOR  
**FURS**

Telephone Back Bay 8500 and we will call for your furs  
—clean —store —insure and return them when wanted.

*Charges 3% of Valuation*

## **Frost & Adams Co.**

Let us equip you  
with your materials  
for the summer  
at the regular  
**Students'  
Discount**

Two Stores  
27 ARCH STREET  
591 BOYLSTON STREET  
(Copley Square)

THE  
**Alumni Association**

announces

## **A Recital In Moving Light**

By Mr. Thomas Wilfred  
and the Clavilux  
on the afternoon and evening  
on June 5 at Jordan Hall

Tickets on sale for  
Alumni and members of  
the school at  
\$.55, \$.83, \$1.10 and \$1.85  
Apply to Mr. Ray

FINE QUALITY  
PINS RINGS  
CHARMS GUARDS

MADE FOR M. N. A. S.

By

**H. W. Peters Co.**

5178 WASHINGTON STREET  
BOSTON

Samples on display by our  
Sophomore Representative

**EVERYTHING IN  
STATIONERY**

Spring Binders for Philosophy Notes

Fountain Pens  
Loose Leaf Supplies  
Pencils  
Paper

Printing and Engraving  
Lowest Prices in the City

Special Discount to  
Students

**Samuel Narcus**

92 WASHINGTON STREET  
BOSTON

Telephone, Richmond 811

# THE PAGEANT

## June 4 and 6

Everyone Give His or Her

Co-operation and

**M. N. A. S.**

Will Be On The Way Toward  
A New Building





